



A Tango Tea House



Pétrole Hahn

is recommended
for its sheer merit

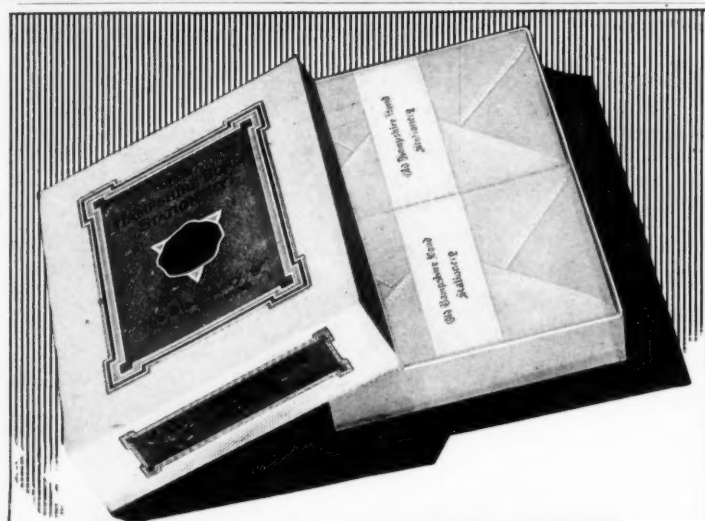
A hair food never gains popularity from a whim of taste. It must produce results—it must possess sheer merit.

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HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Special

Many persons were unable to secure from newsdealers copies of the issue of LIFE for March 5th (The Proper Number). The great demand for the number exhausted their supplies.

It will be sent prepaid to any address on receipt of the price—ten cents—by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 WEST 31ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY



The Pessimist: GEE, TOM! LOOK HOW FAR WE'VE GOT TO GO YET

The Optimist: CUT THAT OUT, JOE. YOU WANT TO LOOK BACK AN' SEE WHAT A LONG WAY WE'VE COME

The Buyer

ONE said, "Lo, I will purchase
Peace, for, see
I give thee eager years that are to be,
I chain them one by one, I slay their
dreams,
I do accept the world at what it seems.
From my old folly I will find release,
I sell my old ambitions—give me
Peace!"

One said, "Lo, I will purchase Joy,
for, see—

Life is a rapture when the heart is free.
The dear companionship of love I pass,
Its sympathy and faith amid the mass
Of earth's ironic jests—lest days should
cloy

I cry myself a poet—give me joy!"

And, like an iron cross, upon his
breast,

Bore he, who came for Peace a sick
Unrest,

While he, who wooed for Happiness
in vain,

Carried upon his bosom—stifled Pain.
Leolyn Louise Everett.

The Unpopular Review

Contents for
APRIL-JUNE

The Soul of Capitalism	The Greeks on Religion and Morals
A Sociological Nightmare	Our Sublime Faith in Schooling
Social Untruth and the Social Unrest	The Barbarian Invasion
Natural Aristocracy	Trust Busting as a National Pastime
The Right to be Amused	Our Government Subvention to Literature
How Woman Suffrage has Worked	En Casserole (short articles)
The Baby and the Bee	
The Case for Pigeon-holes	

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"WHAT IS THE CHARGE, OFFICER?"
"PRACTICING WITHOUT A LICENSE."

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



"Well, old chap, there's no turning back, is there?"
 "No. We're fully committed to that Humorous Number."
 "Have you seen it?"
 "I started to read it, but it was so excruciatingly funny that I didn't dare go on—not with my heart disease!"

Next Tuesday is the date the great and only Humorous Number of LIFE will be issued. Be warned in time and do not read this number too hurriedly—you may laugh yourself to death. Take it very slowly, absorb it gradually. It's a concentrated dose of wit and humor never before offered to the American people. Ten cents.

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

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We are ruining the artistic appearance of this page by permitting the business office to run this coupon here week after week. There is scarcely room to write your own name. Still you can crowd it in. Some day we'll get up a real coupon which will make it a genuine pleasure to become a regular subscriber.

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York
 One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52. Foreign \$6.04)



"I'm glad this is only the price of a three-months' trial subscription. One year would be too much for yours truly."

Finis

IT was a bright spring morning. A cellar-door in a back alley opened very slowly and a face appeared looking up and down the street. The owner of the face, having satisfied himself that no one was near, emerged.

Bedraggled in appearance, weak and vacillating, the creature moved cautiously down the street. Suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Ah! At last?" The police-lady's whistle sounded. "We have been looking all over for you. We knew you would have to come out in time."

Two other lady-policemen appeared upon the scene. The crowd began to gather.

The miserable creature, his teeth chattering with fear, was led forward to a closed yard. The word had been passed around, and in a few moments the street was filled. They took him to the City Hall. They entered the courtroom. The judge removed her eyeglass as she gazed down upon the prisoner.

"Well, prisoner, you know the decree. Nothing so useless as you are can be permitted to exist in our highly organized society."

The prisoner looked around at the sea of suffragette faces surrounding him. He saw no hope. The judge rapped for order.

"We bear you no ill-will," said the judge. "How would you like to pass away?"

"Any way that suits you, Your Honoreess."

The judge nodded to the police-lady.

"Take him off to the chloroformery." And then, amid the subdued murmur of the mildly interested throng, the last man on earth was led out to his postponed fate.

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Get in the Game!
You, too, can have heaps of pleasure in an "Old Town Canoe" during leisure hours—and it provides a dandy vacation. Staunch, light and graceful. 4000 in stock, agents everywhere. Send for catalog.

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But the words of a woman who, more than any other that ever lived, translates the soul of music into movement and pose, are more significant than any, possibly excepting the words of composers who translate the soul of music into songs to be sung.

And here Mascagni's words may be recorded:

"The Angelus can give the complicated pieces more life and soul than any other instrument of its kind."

Knabe-Angelus—Grands and Uprights,
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Justice Triumphs

IT is announced that a large number of the claims growing out of the Triangle Waist Company fire three years ago, in which one hundred and forty-eight employees, mostly girls, were burned, have been settled at seventy-five dollars per victim. This is extremely welcome news. There has been a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed hereabouts of late concerning the interminable delays of our courts and the inability of the poor to get justice, but this happy outcome gives the decisive lie to all such slanders. Every one of us, high or low, who has ever had anything to do with human lives knows that seventy-five dollars is a liberal valuation. This prompt and generous settlement, therefore, will completely rehabilitate the courts in the estimation of the public and prove to us beyond quibble that, though justice may doze occasionally, she never goes fast asleep.



THIS BEAUTIFUL ESTATE, NEAR BOSTON, FOR SALE

IN CHESTNUT HILL, one of Boston's lovely and exclusive suburbs; six miles from State House. A pure Tudor residence, splendidly constructed of brick and steel; completed in 1906. Grounds beautifully laid out in sweeping lawns, old-fashioned walled flower garden and parks. Ideal all-the-year home. House contains stately Baronial hall in carved and panelled English oak; Louis XV. reception-room, billiard-room, library, smoking-room, dining and breakfast-rooms, all in rare woods. Hand-carved fireplaces and mantels, replicas of those in the stately castle of Gwydyr, in Wales. Electrical fixtures all especially

designed and of finest workmanship. Plumbing of brass, fixtures silver-plated, the most modern and durable plant that could be installed. Nine masters' bed-rooms, boudoir, nursery, six bath-rooms, shower baths. Ample servants' quarters in separate wing. Heated by hot water and steam. Special air-cooling plant for use in warm weather. Stable, carriage-house, garage, gardener's cottage. Gwydyr is altogether the most complete, desirable and elegant residential property for sale near Boston. The celebrated Larz Anderson, Brandagee and Sprague estates are nearby. Terms to suit.

For photographs and particulars apply to JAMES D. GABLER, 311 West Forty-third Street, New York City

To Whom it May Concern

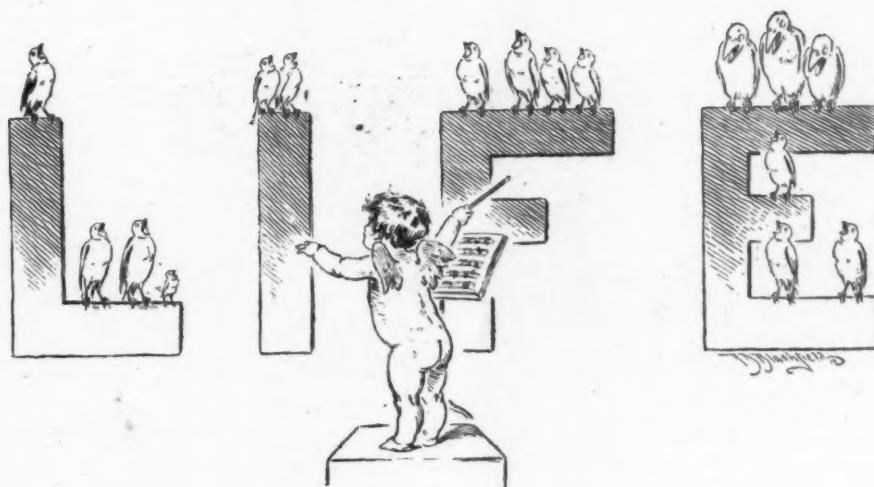
Occasionally LIFE receives a complaint that money has been paid for a subscription to LIFE to some soliciting agent and that no copies of the paper have been received. Very frequently these swindlers offer premiums of various sorts, including even life insurance. LIFE has no soliciting agents and fills subscriptions only for remittances received direct or through reputable and established agencies, booksellers and newsdealers.

By frequent publication LIFE has endeavored to warn the public against these swindlers. People who do not take the ordinary precautions of knowing with whom they are dealing, and of paying no money to persons who cannot show the authority to receive it, are bound to be victimized.

In such cases LIFE is not responsible; even if we could apprehend the swindlers we would have no case against them as they have taken no money from us. The only person who can prosecute them are those who have paid the money. The method of operating is such that it is always too late for us to apprise the local police before the swindlers have left the place where they operate. We deeply regret that anyone should lose money in any transaction in which LIFE is supposed to figure, but in cases like this, complaint must be made to the local authorities.



ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR THE HERO'S MEDAL



A SPRING SONG



AS HE APPEARED TO HER BEFORE AND AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT WAS BROKEN

Kettle Song

(To a Familiar Air.)

THE kettle's song, in early days,
 A glow of welcome spread;
 It warmed the heart to homely ways
 That now, they say, are dead.
 And yet the kettle of to-day
 Pours out as bright a stream,
 And friendship's cup is still as gay
 With lemon or with cream.
 With lemon or with cream, my dear,
 Or just a drop of rum—
 You'll find a welcome in its steam,
 A song beneath its hum.

The folk go-rushing round the town,
 Intent on divers ends;
 The kettle bids them all sit down,
 And turns them into friends.
 Or while the cozy tea is dredged,
 It sings them to a dream,
 And lovers' vows are sweetly pledged
 With lemon or with cream.
 With lemon or with cream, my dear,
 Or just a drop of rum—
 You'll find a welcome in its steam,
 A song beneath its hum.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.



TAKING THE THING TO HEART



PLANTING

Locals of the Near Future

MRS. BILLINGTON PANHANDLER entertained a party of garbage men in her Fifth Avenue home last evening. Cots were laid for two hundred. All reported a pleasant time.

The Rev. Bloward Bumpup, of the St. Stylus Baptist Tabernacle, is having his church fitted up with the patent Hobo Folding Bed. Early morning services have been discontinued owing to the annoyance caused among the all-night guests.

Afternoon tea for overworked degenerates will be served every afternoon at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which is now the headquarters for the Tramps' Union.

Fork Out, Fathers

HARVARD undergraduates have raised nearly twelve thousand dollars for a big new gymnasium. The gymnasium committee (an undergraduate committee apparently) discloses this achievement, and adds:

It is now, also, plainly the duty of the graduates to take up their share of the work, and respect the confidence that the college has placed in them.

There we have the spirit of the age. "The college" is the undergraduates. They point out to their elders their plain duty and compliment them by the expectation that they will step up and discharge it.

Now then, parents, be dutiful!

Women and Dancing

WHY is it that there are not so many good dancers among the women as among the men? This is the statement that comes to us from those who have had the opportunity of careful observation among the dancers of the metropolis. We understand that at the Thés Dansants the graceful woman dancer, who knows and executes the tango and other modern dances, is hard to find. Many are called but few are chosen to this form of exercise.

John Stuart Mill says that women excel men in the power of keeping up sustained moral excitement, and this observation is quoted by William James to the credit of women. But can dancing be said to be moral excitement?

Some women evidently think it is, or they wouldn't, of course, leave their household duties to indulge in it.



LOVE MY DOG

"REALLY, YOU SHOULD FEEL FLATTERED, MR. JONES; WE RELY IMPLICITLY ON THE DARLING'S DECISIONS"

Be Careful

ACCORDING to a recent newspaper report from Albany:

A bill prepared by the State Factory Investigating Commission, and introduced by Assemblyman A. E. Smith, seeks to reduce the working hours of children under sixteen from fifty-four to forty-eight hours a week and from nine to eight a day.

Is this wise? It should be remembered that children are not organized. They have not started yet a youthful I W. W., nor is there any probability that they will. You can drive them as hard as you like, get as much labor out of them as they hold, without any retaliation on their part.

It would seem, therefore, that this proposed reduction ought to be carefully considered. It might first, merely as an experiment, be tried during the baseball season, or in pleasant weather. Then, if it doesn't do the children too much harm, it might possibly be tried at other times—at the discretion of the bosses.

SPEAKING of white slave films, O TEMPORA! O MOVIES!

To Timid Souls

THE widespread statement in the papers of the unorthodoxy of the Rev. Charles F. Aked was followed almost immediately by the announcement that he had been engaged to write a series of articles for Mr. Hearst's papers.

This will undoubtedly be a great boon for all those unfortunate souls who are trembling on the brink of a declaration of convictions.

In case they should lose their jobs because of their rashness, it will be a comfort for them to know that they may make a living with Mr. Hearst.

"YOUR MAJESTY, what shall we do with this gentleman? He is the man who, when he was alive, ate peanuts in a surface car and scattered the shucks all over the floor."

"Make him chew red-hot coals eight hours a day, seated in a bed of them; and, by the way, you might put opposite him a couple of crying babies, sitting in their mothers' laps."

Notes on the Periodicals

THE publisher quoted on this page several weeks ago (March 12th), who called the *Literary Digest*, the *Review of Reviews* and *Current Opinion* "parasite publications", provoked from a friend of the *Review of Reviews* the letter which will be found on page 658. The publisher, who spoke offhand, classed the *Review* with the group that its name suggests, the magazines which devote themselves chiefly or considerably to disclosing what the other periodicals are talking about. We believe that it was in that group that the *Review of Reviews* started twenty-odd years ago, under a name that suited its aims at that time. The name remains, but the aims have developed away from the original purpose, and the publication has long been more like a *Review of the World*, with a department, to be sure, devoted to "leading articles of the month", and another to newspaper cartoons, but with the major part of its space filled with fresh discussion of the news of the world by its editor, and original articles on subjects of current interest. It is not a parasite. If it were the only magazine published, it could still appear, almost undiminished, and its name would hardly be more misleading than it is at present.

As for *Current Opinion* and the *Literary Digest*, let us not call them "parasite publications", as the publisher did, because that, whether true or not, is hardly polite. And let us not estimate what proportion of their matter is quoted, because figures are so apt to lie. A large proportion of



Innocent Old Lady. GRACIOUS! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THEY'RE MAKING AN AWFUL FUSS OVER AN OLD PIECE OF ROPE

Current Opinion is fresh comment of its own. The *Digest*, a weekly publication, is not all borrowed, though its pieces seem throughout to be based on matter from other publications.

THE magazines, by and large, have been called the literary lunch-counter of our day. Those that tell what the others are talking about are the quick-lunch counter. They aim to tell people who have something to do besides read periodicals, enough of what is said, written and done to keep them within sight of the times. It is a work that needs to be done. Nobody can read all the magazines, or many of the newspapers. The quick-lunch

periodicals are well concocted. They are brightened and illustrated by cartoons out of the newspapers, as well as by news pictures that they doubtless buy. They are lively, they are interesting, they get circulation, and, of course, they bite what they can out of the sacred and strictly limited fund that the advertisers devote to the support of magazines.

Of course, when the faithful publishers of original-matter-only publications who have handed out bagfuls of money to writers to write for them and bagfuls to artists to draw for them, see the piece-borrowing magazines get *their* advertisers' money, some of them feel that it is scandalous.



"IT'S MY TURN NOW"



"MY DEAR REGINALD, NOW THAT YOU'VE LEFT COLLEGE, YOU MUST REALLY BEGIN LOOKING FOR SOME SORT OF EMPLOYMENT."

"BUT DON'T YOU THINK, MOTHER, IT WOULD BE MORE DIGNIFIED TO WAIT TILL THE OFFERS BEGIN COMING IN?"

BUT we can't help it.

It has been said that the great job of our day is to feed the multitude. The quick-lunch periodicals do their share of that vast duty, and are likely to go on doing it as long as they find satisfaction and a profit in it, and are likely to find the profit as long as they do it well. If the original-matter-only magazines should object to being quoted by them, they could probably get along pretty well by what they could derive from the newspapers and the foreign periodicals. There is a vast sea of printed matter surging all

about us, and a skillful fisherman can get out of it about what he wants.

Moreover, to be quoted is flattery. A writer is almost always delighted to be quoted; an editor is pleased to have his writers quoted, and it is only the publisher who has to pay the bills who objects to folk who print what they do not pay for.

But why should publishers be so fussy? It is understood that they can't make any money, anyhow. They are consecrated men devoted to a public duty. "Publishing," says one of them,

"isn't a business at all. It is something between bookmaking and benevolence, embarrassed and imperilled by associations with grasping authors."

So much the more excuse for publishers who subsist as much as they can on borrowed literature. For about half of the last century most of the cultivated intelligence in this country subsisted on periodical literature borrowed for it from week to week by *Littell's Living Age*. And there are those, probably, still alive who think it was better fed than it is now.

E. S. M.



BIG PALE-FACE CHIEF



"OH, LUELLA! THERE'S A MAN JUST FALLEN OFF THAT NEXT PIER, AND I THINK IT'S YOUR HUSBAND!"

"WELL, DEAR, DON'T GET EXCITED; WE'LL SOON KNOW. IF HE DOESN'T COME UP, IT'S PROBABLY JIM—HE CAN'T SWIM, YOU KNOW."



THAT FIRST AFFAIR

Life's Feminist Contest

Three Hundred Dollars Paid for the Best Five Hundred Words on Feminism



ARE you a Feminist? If not, are you interested in Feminism? Have you opinions about this sesquipedalian subject? If so, write them down, five hundred words or less, and send them to LIFE, according to the conditions below:

For the best article on Feminism in five hundred words or less, LIFE will pay three hundred dollars. The contributions as they are received will be passed upon and such as are accepted for publication will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word. The one which the editors of LIFE consider the best of

all the contributions accepted will receive the prize of three hundred dollars. The competition begins at once.

The accepted manuscript will be published in the Feminist Number of LIFE, to be issued the first week in June, 1914. This number will present the case for and against Feminism from LIFE's own standpoint.

CONDITIONS.

No manuscript shall exceed five hundred words in length.

Any number of manuscripts on the subject can be sent in by one contributor.

The name and address of each contestant should be placed upon the manuscript, which preferably should be typewritten.

All those manuscripts which are not acceptable will be returned, if accompanied by postage; but while due care will be exercised, LIFE will not be responsible for the loss or non-return of any manuscript. Contributors are urged to keep a duplicate of their contribution.

The contest will close on Saturday, May 2nd. No manuscript received after noon on that date will be considered.

All contributions should be addressed to the Editor of LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York City; and "Feminist Contest" should be put in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered as belonging to the contest.

Diary of an Abandoned Husband

MONDAY: I munched cigars all day! I'm getting intensely nervous, but I intend to keep up a stout heart.

TUESDAY: Slept but little last night, the sheets getting over my head and tying themselves into knots. Sometimes I long to know how to make up a bed.

WEDNESDAY: A splendid morning. Found a bottle of beer and scooped out an Edam cheese under the cellar stairs.

THURSDAY: Dust everywhere. I imagine I am an upstairs girl, and am actually learning to like it. Found an old potato in the gas-stove oven.

FRIDAY: Pulled down all the curtains to-day for exercise. Found the key of the linen closet—a towel!

SATURDAY: Believe I am going mad. Tried to lay a carpet.

SUNDAY: Dreamed I was a suffragette. Just found enough picture-wire to hang myself with. Before I go—Ha! Ha! I shall turn up the corner of every rug in the house. That always annoyed her most.

Modified

THE week after her father bought an automobile, Julia, aged five, said her prayer like this: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who try to pass us!"



PHOTOGRAPHIC TERM
AN OVER-EXPOSED NEGATIVE



"SAY, KID, LISTEN HERE. W'EN I HEARD HE'D GIVE FOXIE BRIGHTYES A TOORIN'-CAR I AST HIM WASN'T HE GOIN' TO DO SOMETHIN' FOR ME. 'SURE,' HE SAYS, 'SURE, DOTTIE'—JUST LIKE THAT—'A AUTO-TRUCK FOR YOURS,' HE SAYS. 'W'EN 'S YOUR BIRT'DAY?'"

Sweet Unconsciousness

WE picked it up hopefully, read it with care—that marked copy of the *Anglo-Saxon*, of Alabama, which some one sent us the other day. It was a sprightly little sheet, and seemed to teem with passionate interest in the welfare of Alabama, her shortcomings, her needs, her problems, her possibilities. There was a three-column article in particular, setting forth what Alabama would have to do to keep up with "progressive times".

Alas! poor hope was once more doomed to disappointment. In all those

pages there was not a word to indicate that Alabama has a child-labor problem, not to mention that it is the worst State in the Union in that respect. It would be bromidic and platitudinous to say, "Isn't it strange such a thing should be overlooked?" But isn't it?

THERE was a young lady in Java
Who said that she surely must
hava
Sleigh-ride with her beau
In the beautiful sneau,
But he said: "I am more used to
lava."

Newspaper Responsibility

WRITING of the false statement published recently that Mr. Roosevelt sent a bill for three thousand dollars to the Rio Janeiro Historical and Geographical Society, the *New York World* says:

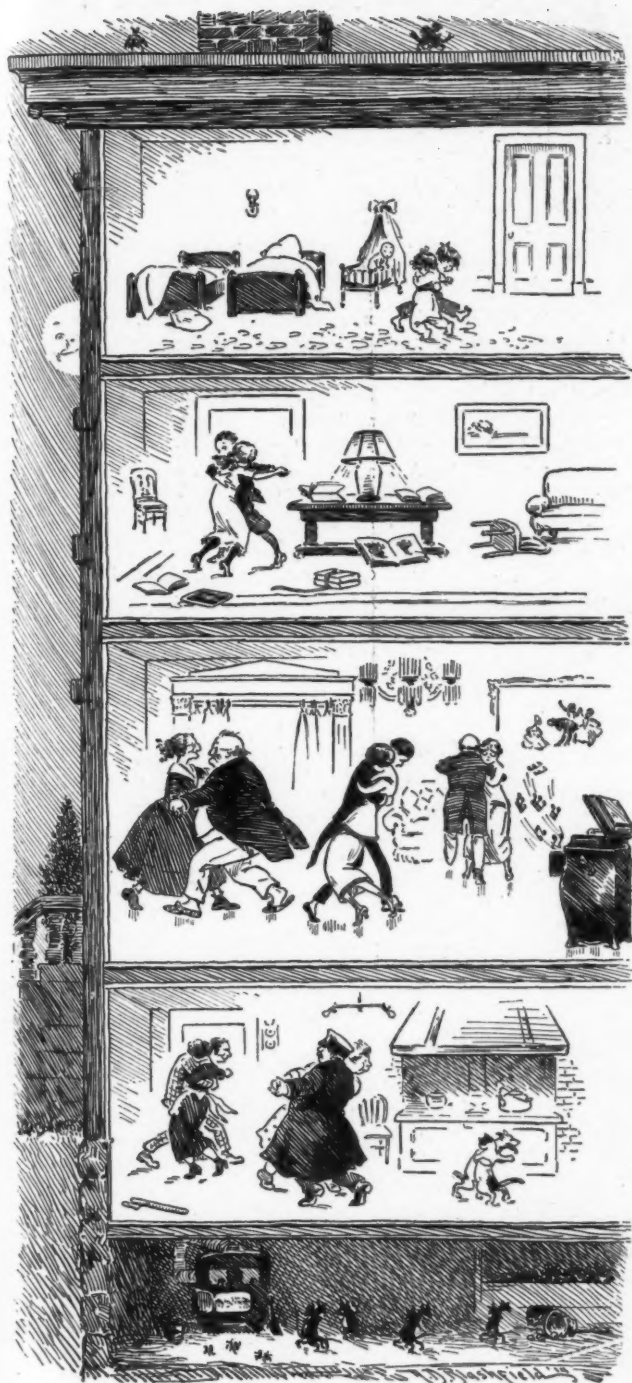
"It is important that such rumors be corrected, because anything that reflects upon a former President of the United States in his personal relations with South America can serve only to inflame the general Latin-American sentiment of hostility toward this country."

Yet the *World* was the leading offender in publishing this "rumor" as a news item on its front page. Such a dispatch, to a trained editor, must have borne the earmarks of falsehood. Why should not the *World's* sense of responsibility and desire for accuracy have withheld it from helping to publish such a statement broadcast until its truth had been demonstrated?

Why This Silence?

WHY this ominous silence on the part of the medical authorities concerning that epidemic of smallpox on the battleship *Ohio*? Certainly it ought not to take all this while for the nimble wits of the serum specialists to devise a theory showing exactly why all those sailors, though vaccinated, contracted smallpox, and why everybody else, though vaccinated, will not contract smallpox.

To your guns, gentlemen. Vaccination has been a good friend of yours, and it is your duty now to come to its defense with an adequate theory; something that will effectually quell the riotous questionings of the populace.



THE NEW RECORD



A COURT REPORTER

The Meanest Crime

The assassin who shoots you in the back does a cowardly thing. But he does it frankly as an enemy, and he takes chances of punishment. He knows there are legal penalties for that kind of murder.

But when a doctor in a hospital tries his latest "discovery"—a surgical trick, or the injection of a fatal disease into a confiding patient—he does it, not openly as an enemy, but pretending to be a friend. Unlike the assassin who shoots you in the back, he has no fears of punishment. He is doubly safe, because he selects his victims among the poor, the sick, the helpless.

Such victims, always the weak and friendless, whose only hope is in health and strength, are indeed fortunate if they escape with no more diseases than when they entered.

No law protects them.

There is no punishment for this meanest of crimes.—From "Life."

Is there anything more cowardly than lying insinuations against a set of men and women who devote their lives, and often sacrifice them, to alleviate suffering?

Is there anything more contemptible than the back-hand thrust of generality to conceal the falsity of what admits of no proof?

Is there anything more unworthy of a paper that lays claim to being

a force for good than to sow the seeds of malicious untruth?

No law prevents this form of slander.

There is no punishment for this meanest of journalistic crimes.

—*Boston Herald.*

"MALICIOUS Untruth" is strong language, brother. We pardon your heat, but not your ignorance.

LIFE's information concerning experiments on hospital patients is derived entirely from the published statements of doctors themselves.

There are certainly "lying insinuations" somewhere. Both the *Boston Herald* and those hospital doctors need explanation. The doctors have tried and failed. Perhaps the *Herald*, ignoring facts, can do better.

Observation of a Cynic

IN savage countries woman is a beast of burden, and in civilized countries man is a beast and woman is a burden.

"I HEAR there is going to be a Congressional inquiry into Backmay's business."

"I had no idea he was so prosperous as that."

When His Voice Began to Change

BEHOLD the sapling, tall and straight,

Beside his Mother proud;
The congregation on its feet,
The organ pealing loud.
Ah, happy day, three pews ahead
Is Phyllis, clad in white,
And conscious of her presence there,
He sings with all his might.

To force his tone, for her to hear,
He sings with reckless vim;
His larynx turns a somersault,
A shriek escapes from him—
A something not like human voice,
Nor heard on earth before,
A bray! A snort!! A squeal!!! A shout!!!!

'Twas all of these, and more.

And one who passed the church beheld
A youth with flying feet
Come rushing forth without a hat,
And vanish down the street.

H. S. Haskins.

Guilty?

THE gray old judge rose from family prayers. Around him his loved ones gathered, weeping.

"Why do you all cry?" asked the judge's little grandson, his eyes wide with wonder.

"The Smithenball murder trial begins to-day," they told the child.

"Will they try grandpa?"

"Yes, dear, they will put him to the most severe test of his life. They will move heaven and earth to prove that he is a blind, doddering old numskull, and unworthy of public trust. Put your arms around his neck, honey, and tell him that you will always love him just the same, no matter what disgraceful things they may prove against him."

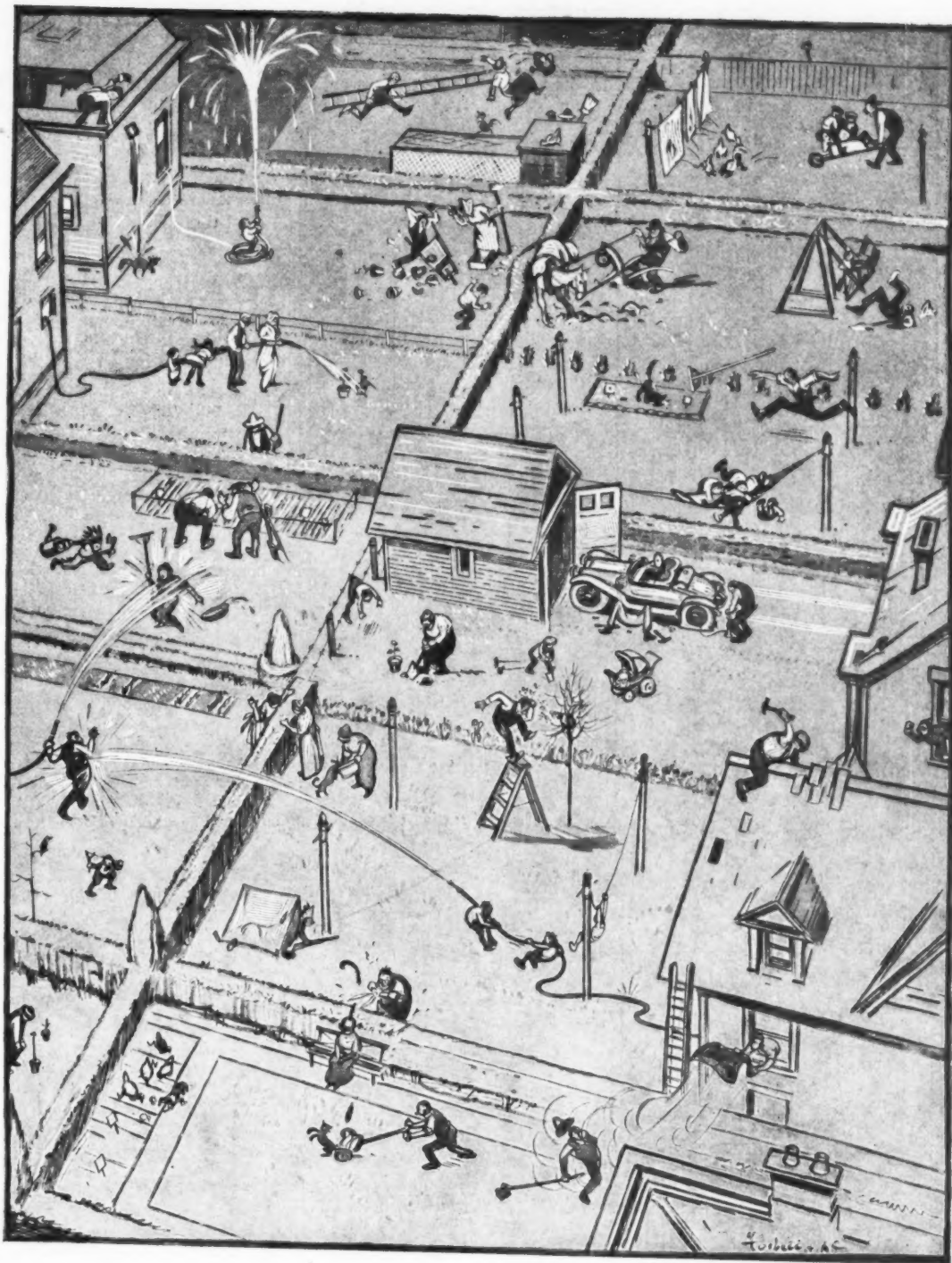
"Grandpa didn't kill the man, did he?"

"No such luck, dear. If grandpa were only the defendant in the case we shouldn't care; but grandpa is the trial judge."

WHERE there's a will there's a fray.



"STRIKE THREE—OUT!"



SIGNS OF SPRING



APRIL 9, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 63
No. 1641

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UNDIGESTED
Uplift—that seems to be what's the matter with our suffering country just

now, and it shows in bread-lines, and unemployment, and I. W. W.'s, and wholesale laying off of railroad hands, and in divers other forms of mental and economic disturbance. Uplift is a severe diet, and we have had a lot of it. We cannot expect to assimilate it all without internal disturbance and some suffering. The railroads seem to have it the worst. They want more money and complain that they are starved. A country with its railroads generally in trouble is like a man with hardened arteries, whose blood can't circulate freely enough to maintain his energies. The railroads want the Interstate Commerce Commission to allow them a five per cent. increase in freight rates. Mr. Brandeis argues against the allowance, and says make them save fifty millions a year by charging for services they now perform without charge. We understand they can't collect due pay for what they do for the parcel post, but just how much there is in Mr. Brandeis's assertion that they do fifty million dollars' worth of work for nothing we have not yet had time to find out. It seems as if Mr. Brandeis was too much disposed to Fletcherize the railroads. Fletcher demonstrated that we all ate too much, and could subsist admirably on a couple of crackers and a piece of chocolate or one potato a day if we only chewed it fine enough. Lately Mr. Brandeis was for having

the railroads save a million dollars a day by efficiency methods, and now he would save a million a week by this new dodge. He is a smart man, and, we believe, a sincere man, and useful sometimes in labor troubles, but in this matter of the railroads he reads too much like Fletcher.

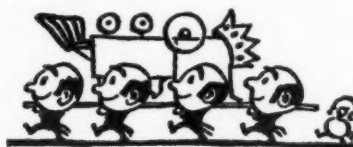
The world is not adjusted yet to Fletcher's theories of diet, nor can its business be suddenly adjusted to a Fletcherized program of economies. We don't want to see the railroads starved in dietetic experiments. They seem to need the five per cent. raise and we hope they will get it promptly. There will still be lots of raw uplift left to be digested even if the railroads get income enough for maintenance and expenses.



FOR the last ten years the popular remedy for governmental evils has been commissions. They were to curb the corporations and employers who needed curbing, to make the negligent do their duty, to instruct the ignorant, guide the erring, and relieve legislatures of matters beyond their inexpert capacity. Only wise and impartial persons were to be appointed to them, and the pay of the important commissioners was to be so generous that they could not fail to give competent service. So there have been lots of commissions, and some of them have done pretty well.

But the flies seem to be lighting even

on the commission system. Some of Governor Glynn's new commissioners in this State look more political than is consistent with the commission ideal. Legislatures still legislate in matters that commissions were devised to deal with. Minnesota has now a commission on commissions, whose work is to eliminate all unnecessary commissions and their employees. Wisconsin, the nursery of progress, is described as "overrun by an army of employees of the commissions, inspecting, supervising and regulating", with the effect, we read, that State expenses have quadrupled in four years and every dollar paid in to the State treasury drops thirty-five cents for expenses of administration.



AT this rate, folks will be going about before long saying that the commission idea is played out.

And then what?

Contemporary government seems an attempt to get along without visible and responsible authority. Wherever there is authority there is trouble. The voters delegated their authority to the legislatures, the legislatures fell down under the load, and had to shift their burden onto the commissions; the courts had authority, and folks planned a recall of decisions; the constitutions have authority, and progressives agree that they are all out of date; the bankers had authority, and were caught with it on their hands; the railroads had authority, and were relieved of it; parents had authority, but they were taught the folly of it. Now almost everybody is free, but business lags and there are too many bread-lines.

In cases like this we have to turn to the lessons of history. An old woman found a crooked sixpence and bought a pig, but could not drive it home because it would not get over the stile. She asked help, in turn, of a dog, a stick, of fire, of water, of an ox, a butcher, a rope, a rat and a cat. All refused but the cat, who said: "If you will give me a saucer of milk



"ALL CRIMES ARE SAFE BUT HATED POVERTY"

Samuel Johnson

I will kill the rat." The cat got the milk, and began to kill the rat, and then everything went along like clock-work, as we all remember, "and so the old woman got home that night".

It seems as though the milk must have been authority. We may stay our souls by remembering that the voters always keep that milk on hand, and when things get too gay the cat gets some.

Our cat's name seems to be Thomas. The recent effort of the veteran he-cat Champ to get the saucer of milk away from him was not brilliantly successful, although Champ had the enthusiastic backing of the pirate-cat Billy and the notorious organization-cat Charles, and to some extent the assistance of the excellent gentleman-cat Oscar, who could not have been much pleased to find himself in such company. The experiment is not finished at this writing, but so far Thomas is away ahead. Our old woman may not know as much as she should, and may not be fully competent to drive a pig, but we guess she is a fair judge of

cats and knows which one should get the milk.



WHICH cat is going to get the milk in England is still, at this writing, a mighty interesting question. A war with Ulster to enforce home rule would be, in reality, a war of religion, but wars of religion are entirely out of date in the British Isles, as, indeed, they are in all western Europe. To shoot the Ulster Presbyterians because they objected to be taxed by Roman Catholics would be an anachronism, and one very difficult to compass by the use of Protestant troops. Ulster ought not to be so stiff-necked. Her fears are bogies; her hatreds do her no credit. But probably the snarl will be unravelled now without fighting, and some sort of a compromise fixed up that will save Ulster's face without defeating home rule.

It seems a great pity that the Roman Catholic Church should continue to be so feared and distrusted politically in countries where it is the controlling religion. The governments of Italy, France and Spain in turn have broken with it, and here is all this trouble about it in Ireland. One could almost think the Roman organization would take thought about itself, and consider whether it is not suffering from remediable ailments of polity. Probably it won't, because it is not built that way, but if it should happen that the Holy Father should care for an expert report on the status and working of the great institution of which he is the head, our Mr. Abraham Flexner is awfully good at looking into details of that sort, and has a large experience, and an altruistic spirit which would not, we are sure, permit him to deny his aid in so important an investigation.



WITH a breaking voice and traces of moisture on his shell-rimmed spectacles, Colonel Harvey in the *North American Review* entreats the President to take the back track in his Mexican policy and recognize Huerta. He puts the case for Huerta as well as it can be put. He prints a document described as a declaration served upon Huerta last November as coming from the President of the United States. It was a notice to Huerta to get out, and its effect would be, as Colonel Harvey said, to rivet him in his place until he was driven out by force.

Nevertheless, the Colonel has given the President bad advice. He should not and cannot recognize Huerta now. The forward-looking leader in Mexico is Carranza. The Huerta aristocracy, says Senator Sheppard, of Texas, in the *Review of Reviews*, "is the same aristocracy that has been pillaging and debasing the Mexican masses since the landing of Cortez. The cause of Carranza is the cause of these outraged, these ragged, barefooted masses".

If they can clean up Huerta, let them do it. It is not for us to save him.



L E



A Warm Reception

His Majesty: DO THEY REALLY KNOW ME—OR NOT?



Two Exponents of the Rapid Change Art



THE main question is just the way in which you like your Billie Burke. If you prefer her in a fluffy evening gown, you will find her that way in "Jerry". If you like her better with an assumption of masculinity, you will find her, in "Jerry", attired in a very mannish riding costume, the bifurcated portion of which leaves no question that she rides astride. And again, in "Jerry", you will see her, making a rapid dart down the front stairs to get the morning paper, robed in garments that resemble a peignoir half concealing a regulation nightie. And then, crowning joy of all, you will see her in the last act of "Jerry", jumping in and out of her bed, clad in what pretend to be pink pajamas. They are not pajamas, in fact, for pajamas are really very shapeless and modest garments. What Billie Burke wears is something or some things that apparently a French dressmaker, crazed by absinthe, evolved with pajamas as a subconscious thought. No mere male could possibly describe this remarkable costume which looked like pajamas but wasn't. The result was successful, as it enabled the Burke admirers to gain additional education in the Burke geography.



OUTSIDE of and beyond giving Billie Burke the finest rapid change opportunity she has ever enjoyed, "Jerry" is a quite amusing farce. The author is Catherine Chisholm Cushing, who has also shown her quality as a dramatist in delightful "Kitty MacKay". The author has taken the measure of her star very well, and makes no demands on acting powers that the star does not possess. The greatest exaction is on the credulity of the audience. The people in front have to figure out, if they can, just how such a remarkable combination of smartness, toughness and general devilry could ever have been brought up and permitted to exist in the apparently respectable family of which she is pictured a member. In real life she would have been sent to a reformatory, but, of course, in the world of farce, and especially when an eccentric actress has to be fitted with a part, anything is permissible that gets a laugh and allows a spoiled darling of the public to exhibit her personal eccentricities.

The company is a good one, including such well-known artists as Gladys Hanson, Alice John, Shelley Hull, Allan Pollock and Lumsden Hare. Their abilities are used almost entirely to "feed" the star, but their quality is felt in the general smoothness and finish of the performance. "Jerry" passes an evening amusingly, but the honors belong principally to the author who has provided the possibilities for Billie Burke's curious personality and made it the central figure in a setting that gives every one of her tricks a chance.



"WHAT'S THIS EUGENIC MOVEMENT I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT, DAN?"

"OH, A LOT OF LEFT-OVERS I'VE SLIGHTED, SOME QUACK DOCTORS AND A FEW CLERGYMEN THINK THEY KNOW MORE ABOUT MATING THAN I DO."



A VERY agreeable presentation of "Twelfth Night" finished Margaret Anglin's experiment of trying Shakespeare in New York. The romantic comedy was well staged and sufficiently well played to command respect for the effort, although not in a perfection to arouse great enthusiasm. Miss Anglin herself was a charming *Viola*, and her company gave an even and generally satisfactory interpretation to the other rôles.

To produce three of Shakespeare's comedies in a single season is a very considerable task. In addition Miss Anglin has also staged "Antony and Cleopatra", although she omitted it from her New York bill. Considering the magnitude of the undertaking, the actress-manager is to be congratulated on the degree of her success. Her efforts have commanded respect, and the reception of the plays in a metropolis that has scant time for the classics was sufficiently cordial to justify her beginning of a career that requires time, study and experience for final accomplishment. Shakespearean stars are not made in a day, and adequate Shakespearean productions are not achieved in a single season, so

Miss Anglin need not be discouraged if her worthy efforts have not set New York a-whirl.



"THE BELLE OF BOND STREET" is admittedly our old friend, "The Girl from Kay's", brought up to, or down to, date. It came to us in the middle period of the importations of musical comedies from London, and under its earlier title achieved almost a season's run. If any one has forgotten just which of these multitudinous shows it was, memory will be refreshed by the statement that the central figure was *Max Hoggenheimer*, who was "not rude, but rich" and who was not the "biggest cad in the city" but "the richest". In the character of "the rich *Hoggenheimer*" Mr. Sam Bernard acquired his greatest reputation as a comedian, and now, as then, he makes it one of the most distinct creations of all musical comedy.

In the present version Mr. Bernard is assisted by Mlle. Gaby Deslys, who even surpasses Billy Burke in the number of her changes of costume. The lady from France is a trifle shy in her English and could nowhere be taken for a great *tragedienne*, but she is mighty attractive in her *gamine* way, her costumes are wonders in exaggeration and absurdity, and in her dancing with Harry Pilcer she rouses flames of jealousy in the heart of every turkey-trotter and tangoer who sees her. The new production is most elaborately staged and gowned, the minor parts are well done, and the chorus, both in quantity and quality, is likely to give the bald-headed rows an attack of chronic insomnia.

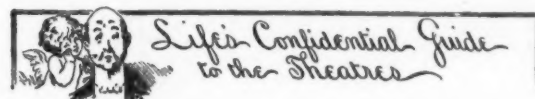
A curious thing about this piece is that most of its fun is based on ridicule of the rich and vulgar Jew and that it gains laughter and applause from audiences in which Jews largely predominate. We hear so much about Jewish sensitiveness to stage and pictorial caricature that it seems strange that in the principal Jewish city of the world Mr. Bernard should win the approval and patronage of his own people in such a rôle as that of "the rich *Hoggenheimer*".

It isn't often that a musical comedy can "come back", but in its present guise "The Girl from Kay's" seems likely to be the exception that will keep the Shubert theatre occupied until well into the summer.

Metcalfe.



Winter: GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR. I THINK I MUST BE GOING



Astor.—"Seven Keys to Baldpate." Farical comedy based on the mystery novel of the same title. Mr. Cohan, the author, has preserved and added to the fun of the book, and makes the final climax rather a joke on his audiences.

Belasco.—"The Secret." Analytical study of an unpleasant woman done with all the delight that a French author takes in such a task. Well presented by good company headed by Frances Starr.

Booth.—"Panthea," by Monckton Hoffe. Notice later.

Casino.—"High Jinks." Lively girl-and-music show energetically and amusingly presented.

Century Opera House.—"The prominent operas fairly well done in English, at popular prices and with weekly change of bill.

Cohan's.—"Potash and Perlmutter." The New York Jew in the suit-and-cloak trade made the subject of a faithful and very laughable dramatic study.

Comedy.—"Kitty MacKay." Delicious comedy of Scotch life, full of fun and well acted by Scotch company.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Laurette Taylor in Mr. Manners' diverting comedy, narrating the adventures of an Irish-American girl trying to gain a foothold in the family of her British relatives.

Eltinge.—"The Yellow Ticket." Interesting and well-acted melodrama based on one phase of the way the Jews are handled in Russia.

Empire.—"Maude Adams in J. M. Barrie's "Legend of Leonora." Burlesque and comedy mingled. Amusing and well done, but not up to the highest standard of either author or star. Beginning Easter Monday, matinees of "Peter Pan".

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Midnight Girl." Tuneful, clever and elaborately staged girl-and-music show.

Forty-eighth Street.—"To-day." One very high-flavored act made the basis of attraction for an otherwise commonplace drama of the day.

Fulton.—"The Misleading Lady." Farical comedy, quite diverting and showing what might possibly happen to a young woman attempting to flirt with a very aboriginal man.

Gaiety.—"Along Came Ruth." Light comedy made over from a Belgian play to fit the

background of an imaginary Maine village. Well acted and fairly amusing.

Globe.—"The Queen of the Movies." Girl-and-music show with tuneful score and book based on the possibilities of the process of making moving pictures.

Harris.—"The Rule of 3." Another excursion into the amusing possibilities of divorce. Quite diverting and well done by good company headed by Katherine Grey.

Hippodrome.—"Pinafore" on a big scale. Notice later.

Hudson.—"Margaret Anglin in Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan". Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—"Julian Eltinge in "The Crinoline Girl". Diverting farical comedy showing the star's remarkable ability in dressing up and appearing as a handsome girl.

Longacre.—"A Pair of Sixes," by Mr. Edward Peple. A really funny farce extremely well cast and well presented.

Little.—"Grace George in Mr. Clyde Fitch's "The Truth". Notice later.

Lyric.—"Omar the Tentmaker." Our old friend Omar Khayyam put into the flesh by Mr. Guy Bates Post and going through episodes based on his immortal quatrains.

Madison Square Garden.—"The Barnum and Bailey Circus. Elaborate spectacle and enough circus features retained to justify the name.

Marine Elliott's.—"Help Wanted." The adventures that might happen to a young woman in search of a job as confidential stenographer. Very up to date and fairly amusing.

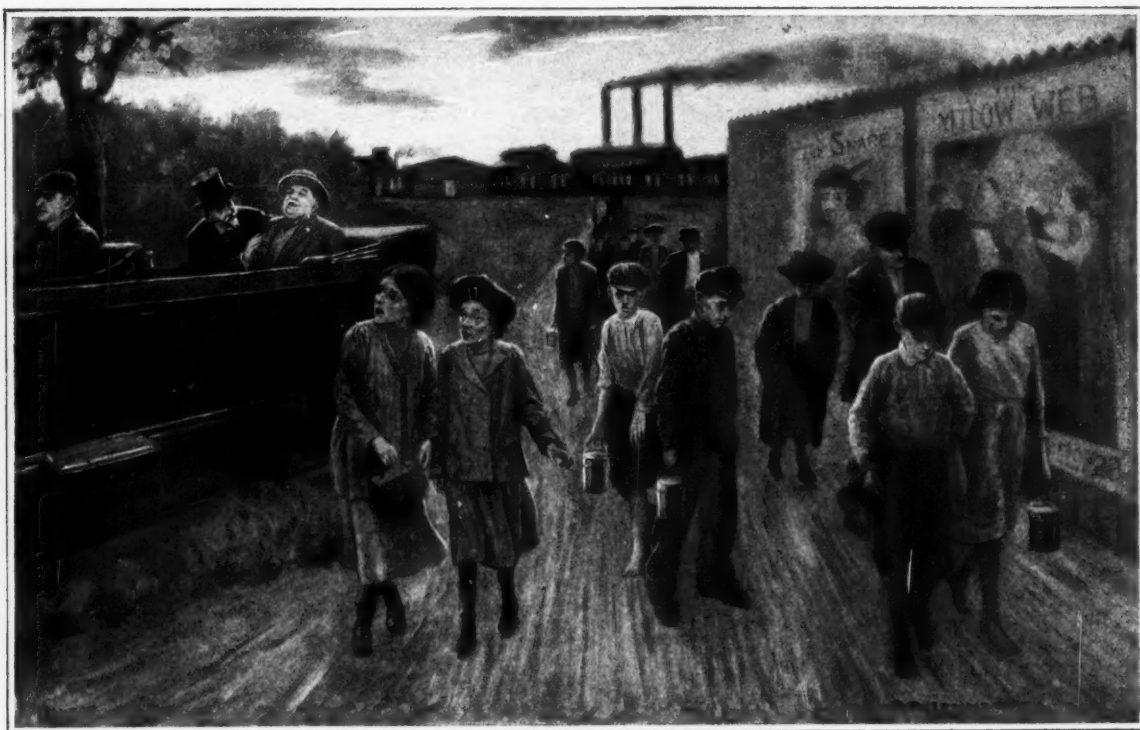
Playhouse.—"The Things That Count." Sentimental and humorous drama of phases of life in New York's upper and lower circles. Well done and interesting.

Princess.—"Marrying Money," by Washington Pezet and Bertram Marburgh. Not very expert exposition of the social evil mentioned in the title. Light-weight comedy.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Too Many Cooks," by Mr. Frank Craven. An original comedy theme extremely well handled. Well acted and laughable.

Wallack's.—"Grumpy." Closing weeks of Mr. Cyril Maude's delightful acting in an interesting melodramatic comedy.

Winter Garden.—"The Whirl of the World." Girl-and-music show on wholesale lines in the way of glitter, girls, dancing and merry tunes.



WHICH ARE THE OLD PEOPLE?

The Latest Books

LITTLE SUSAN (isn't it awful the way time goes) made her debut last November. And just before the much-advertised event, the turbaned darkey cook, who is an heirloom in a collateral branch of Susan's family, said to her mistress: "Ah sees dat Miss Susie am gwine to be let out."

This paragraph is in the nature of a similar announcement. For Eugenics—that gawky *enfant terrible* who was forever making mud-pies on the front stoop or elocuting fool poetry in the front parlor when we first took to calling on the Twentieth Century—Eugenics has put on long skirts, done up her back hair, and been formally introduced into literature.

It makes one feel quite middle-aged, doesn't it?

On the other hand (these things, you'll have noticed, have a way of working out that way), the slit-skirts of quasi-maturity and the catchy coiffure of fiction have so altered the appearance of the erstwhile *limb* that literature is none the worse for the introduction, and I even doubt whether, in reading "John Ward, M.D.," by Charles Vale (Mitchell Kennerley, \$1.25), you'd recognize the débutante if we reporters (who never *can* leave a lady's "past" alone) did not hasten to call attention to her identity.

Eugenics, however, is not the only débutante introduced in "John Ward, M.D." Charles Vale himself is a new-comer. And this department (which is, nonetheless, inclined to believe that Eugenics may some day turn out a more enticing creature than her youth gives promise of) is at the moment more particularly interested in Mr. Vale. He has humor, seriousness, style, a sardonic appreciation of our

foibles, a genuine faith in our humanity, and, withal, the trick of fixing character and the dramatic sense. He has also, as yet, a habit of starting chapters stiffly, as though they were philosophic essays; and of only maintaining his story-telling hum by dint of repeated crankings. But his first book—this story of an almost-but-never-quite priggish young man who looked upon love when it was yellow and turned it down—is not only genuinely interesting in itself, but is the kind of first novel that unmistakably reveals reserves of power just tapped, instead of suggesting a slow accumulation of observation discharged, like a Leyden jar, on a single effort.

IT is a long time now since Jack London was a new-comer. And some of the things that some of us prophesied about him have long since unfulfilled themselves. But every now and then he still, as the saying is, "gets one over"—witness his recent "John Barleycorn"—and between times he now and again, as in "The Valley of the Moon" (Macmillan, \$1.35), gives us a story with something quite different from a "punch" in it, and, in these punch-ridden times, something even more desirable. "The Valley of the Moon" is the story of a laundry girl and a young teamster who marry (in Oakland), go to housekeeping, get snarled up in a strike, start down hill to the bowwows, and then, at the girl's instigation, break loose from the city and go tramping into the unknown, looking for a foothold on the soil, a decent living and a chance to be themselves. It is a nice, vivid bit



FAIRY TALES

of realistic Arcadianism. It solves no labor problems, though there are moments when one is afraid that it is going to. And it is here commended as a pleasant relaxation to almost anybody still capable of dreaming dreams.

THERE is another of the season's débutants, by the bye, who deserves a glance in passing—Sinclair Lewis, the author of "Our Mr. Wrenn" (Harper's, \$1.00). This first novel is a Locke-ish story in which a diffident shipping clerk, suffering from an ingrowing

wanderlust, breaks away for a little while from his native environment of cheap New York boarding-houses and Fourteenth Street movie shows to essay a great adventure. It is a homely tale, not always wholly happy in its homeliness. But the sympathy which has inspired it is so manifestly genuine and on the whole it wins so close to an amusingly interpretative presentation of the kindly heart of local vulgarity, that it and its author both deserve, and may be counted on to repay, a warm welcome.

J. B. Kerfoot.



THE NEW AGE
A LACK OF DANCING WOMEN

Confidential Book Guide

The China Collector, by H. W. Lewer. A guide for beginners in the study of English porcelain. Well written, well printed and well illustrated.

The Curious Lore of Precious Stones, by George F. Kunz. Five thousand years' worth of legend, tradition and superstition.

John Ward, M.D., by Charles Vale. See preceding page.

Graphics, by Harris Merton Lyon. Delicate verbal dry points and vigorous literary etchings by a young St. Louisian.

The Happy Ship, by Stephen French Whitman. First-chop yarns with a cosmopolitan setting, a United States Navy cast and a Kipling-esque flavor.

Here Are Ladies, by James Stephens. If you've read "The Crock of Gold", these tales are by the same author. If you haven't read "The Crock of Gold", read it.

Japanese Flower Arrangement, by Mary Averill. Invaluable hints to the flower-lover and a beautiful book into the bargain.

The Joy of Youth, by Eden Phillpotts. Last call for this fine tale—a real love story, intellectually stimulating, and with the clean breath of spring in it.

Magic, by G. K. Chesterton. A clever little play in which the true G. K. C. winks understandingly at mystery and makes faces at the matter-of-fact.

Memoirs of Li-Hung-Chang, edited by W. F. Mannix. Interesting extracts, autobiographical, commentative and critical, from the Viceroy's voluminous writings.

Our Mr. Wrenn, by Sinclair Lewis. See this page.

The Passionate Friends, by H. G. Wells. The story of a fine woman's folly and of a man's achievement of self-knowledge through failure.

The Scientific American Reference Book, 1914. An emergency ration of statistical "pemmican" weighing less than a pound and warranted to last a strong man a year.

Sex-Origin Determination, by Thomas E. Reed, M.D. A theory of tidal rhythm in living cells and its influence on sex, sickness and vitality.

The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman's Suffrage, by Sir Almoth E. Wright. In which an angry Englishman (whose own Weininger formula is about F 51 + M 49) hurls amusingly feminine arguments against Feminism.

The Valley of the Moon, by Jack London. See preceding page.

Youth's Encounter, by Compton McKenzie. A long, leisurely tale of boyhood and adolescence; sympathetic, detailedly interesting, yet as a whole just missing distinction.



"AH! IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF AN APPROPRIATE TEXT FOR A SERMON AGAINST SUCH A SHOCKING COSTUME."

"ISN'T THERE SOMETHING ABOUT A PRODIGAL AND A FATTED CALF?"

News of the Day

(As It Ought to Be.)

THE woman suffrage party met and unanimously resolved to abolish all bargain counters. Also to limit every voter's clothes to two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Several department store advertising men committed suicide.

The I. W. W. changed its name to read: "Industrial Workers of Everybody in the World."

The Associated Press offered a public apology to Art Young and Max Eastman, not because those two radical gentlemen were necessarily right, but because the Associated Press realized that it was making an ass of itself in evolving a mountain out of a molehill.

A railroad president was arrested for vagrancy. Charge sustained.

All the churches united into one church on the ground of a "reasonable" interpretation of the Sherman Law. Saving to the country estimated at one billion.

At a meeting of ten magazine editors it was unanimously resolved to publish something interesting, or abandon the field to LIFE alone.

All speeches in Congress were limited to five minutes. The *Congressional Record* was thereupon discontinued.

What Do You Think?

We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Desirable.

Not a Parasite!

EDITOR OF LIFE,
Dear Sir:

In your issue of March 12th, which I have just seen, I notice, under the head of "Notes on Periodicals", a particularly untrue and uncalled for statement to the effect that three magazines, namely, *Current Opinion*, *The Literary Digest* and *The Review of Reviews*, are parasite publications.

Whether this is true about *Current Opinion* and *The Literary Digest* I do not know, and I do not care, but I cannot let the statement stand in reference to *The Review of Reviews*. This magazine, as you, of course, are aware, depends first upon Dr. Albert Shaw's editorials, and secondly upon the original articles in the magazine. It is perfectly true that as a feature each month, and a very important feature, it has comments on the news of the world as reported in periodicals and newspapers throughout the entire world. To call such a publication "a parasite publication" and to accuse it of stealing its matter, is to show either a crude ignorance of the character of the magazine, or personal

animus on the part of your writer, "E. S. M."

Ninety per cent. of *The Review of Reviews* is entirely original, far more original in its character than any other magazine published. The other ten per cent.—for the comments on other publications, etc., occupy approximately ten pages out of about one hundred and twenty pages a month, instead of the ninety per cent. that your writer states—is prepared at far more expense and with far greater difficulty than if the space were occupied with entirely original matter, for every important publication in the world is gone through, and what is best and most important to the people of this country is selected and condensed. This is done, not to save time or effort, but to accomplish one of the purposes of the magazine.

In justice to LIFE, which to my mind is injured more than *The Review of Reviews* by this vicious and absolutely false statement, I hope to see a correction in the next issue.

Very truly yours,

COURTLAND SMITH,

NEW YORK,
March 11, 1914.

A Real Japanese Letter

(Recently received by a friend of LIFE.)

Dear Chesterton. Merry Christmas & Happy New Year. You always strong I happy you give me previously answer I to see thank you and after this more Diligence govel as you can early again come Yokohama I wait that time I like see you and come pap just month 21st tale office men. I very glad and to depart 26th August papa go home after I stretch moustaches now its to send photographs But I not gentlemen only how Boy social there fore papa come to separate directly moustaches and regards to your Sisters.

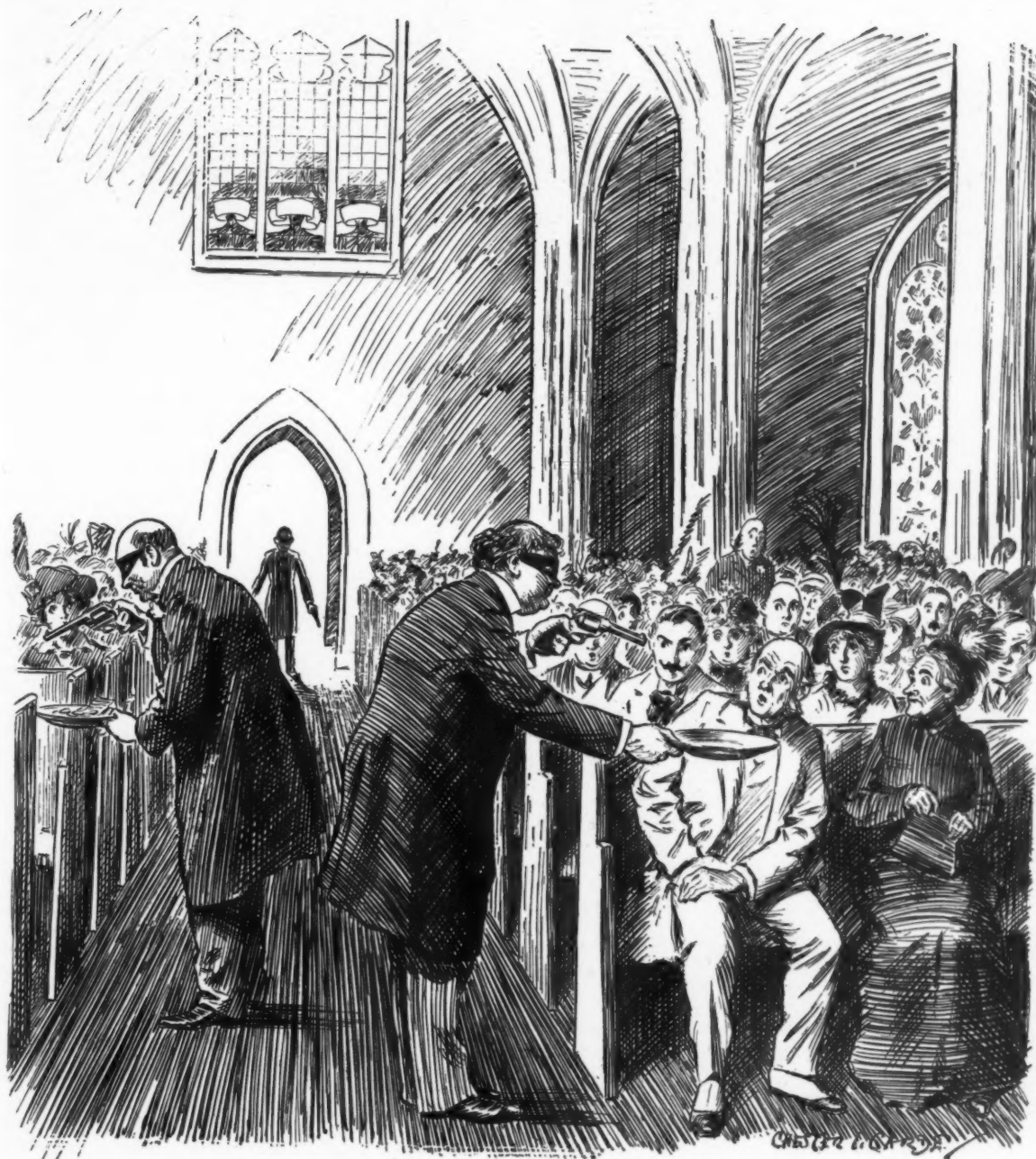
A New Application

DEAR LIFE:

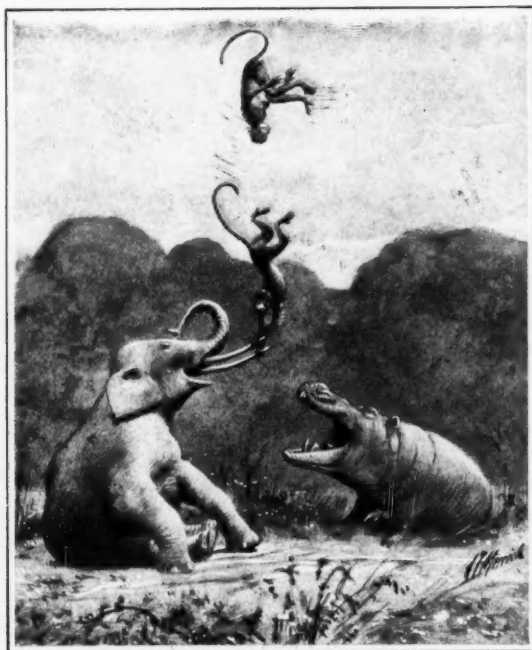
The "B. R. T." in Brooklyn runs cars on most of its lines with gollywoggle seats, about the size and shape of a pancake, arranged in inseparable pairs, on a movable base, and so ingeniously contrived that the overlapping and underlaying anatomy of each "fare" (that's what they call us in Brooklyn) forms the most perfect interlocking passenger system possible to imagine. Won't you send over an artist to depict the wonders of this invention?

W. W. HALLOCK.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
January 23, 1914.



A SUGGESTION FOR GREATER EFFICIENCY IN RELUCTANT CONGREGATIONS



SOME FINE WORK ON THE PARALLEL BARS

Why is Kikuyu?

DOES it pay to be a good fellow? Both the Bishops of Mombasa and of Uganda, Africa, declare that it doesn't pay.

Last June these two gentlemen, representing the Anglicans, who were trying to hold up their ecclesiastical ends, were invited by a federation of missionaries to have friendly doings with them at an African social center, called Kikuyu. The bishops attended and so far forgot themselves as to administer communion to some of the delegates who weren't regular members of the Anglican Church.

This is heresy and schism. But the worst of it is that the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is supposed to know everything, declares that he doesn't know what to do about it because there is no precedent.

How can any bishop act without a precedent? It is evident that the two heretics of Mombasa and Uganda are criminals in being so led away by the spirit of hospitality as to ask outsiders to make one with them. But without a precedent—what is to be done?

Under these distressing circumstances, and considering the gravity of the crisis, the Archbishop of Canterbury has consented to ask the advice of the Central Consultation Body of the Church, which consists of the archbishop himself and fourteen other bishops, each one of which has been appointed by all the other bishops.

Their decision, next July, will be awaited with breathless interest by everybody who is not wrapped up in baseball, the tango, politics, battle, murder and sudden death.

Advice To Suitors

If Your Loved One Has the Eugenic Craze, Play a Waiting Game





THE HELPMATE

"CAN'T YOU HURRY A LITTLE, JOHN? WE DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ANYWHERE!"

Just a Word, Please

ONE clubman tells a visiting clubman of a society sensation. Done after the style of our latest drama dialogue:

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Love?"

"Possibly."

"Money?"

"Probably."

"Whose?"

"Hers."

"Much?"

"Millions."

"How?"

"Widow."

"Grass?"

"Sod."

"She?"

"Old."

"He?"

"Young."

"Titled?"

"No."

"No?"

"No."

"How?"

"Chauffeur."

"Oh!!!!"

W. J. L.

Imaginary Conversations

"I LOVE you!"

"Isn't that splendid?

I love you."

"When shall we get married?"

"Oh, any time. I don't need a trousseau, and I never like ceremonious weddings."

"My salary is only ten thousand a year."

"That doesn't matter. I can do my own housework."

"And where shall we go on a honeymoon?"

"Don't let's go anywhere. We'll sit at home and read aloud."

"But your wedding-gown—we had forgotten that."

"What's the matter with this one I have on?"



Talk That Counts

Ephum Johnson was up before Judge Shimmerpate on a cruelty to animals charge.

"Deed Ah wasn't abusin' dat mule, jedge," the old man demurred.

"Did you not strike it repeatedly with a club?"

"Yassah."

"And do you not know that you can accomplish more with animals by speaking to them?"

"Yassah; but dis critter am diff'nt. He am so deaf he caint heah me when Ah speaks to him in de usual way, so Ah has to communicate wid him in de sign language."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

MRS. HENRYPECK (looking up from her reading): This writer says that the widows make the best wives.

MR. HENRYPECK: But, really, my dear, you can hardly expect me to die just in order to make a good wife of you.

—*Stray Stories*.



PREPARED

Every Author's Wife

["What is the first step towards literary production? It is imperative, if you wish to write with any freshness at all, that you should utterly ruin your digestion."—H. G. WELLS.]

"What have you dined on, husband mine?"

"Chocolate creams and ginger wine."

"What did you take as an appetizer?"

"Haggis and Sauerkraut à la Kaiser."

"Didn't they give you any sweet?"

"Hard-boiled eggs and whiskey neat."

"And your fruit, I trust, was over-ripe?"

"Doughnuts five with a pound of tripe."

"Have you had nothing at all since then?"

"Lobster and stout." "Then here's your pen,

You must do a chapter or two to-night; Have a banana and start to write."

—*Punch*.

A Novice

"Have you any experience with children?"

"No, ma'am. I always worked in the best families."

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

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My First Year

By Leonidas Teether.

IN all due modesty, I wish to make a brief record of my achievements during my first year in household office.

I control the heads of all departments.

I have bulldozed the doctor and nurse.

I have cut one tooth.

I have furnished an unfailing topic of conversation.

I have been written up by a sociological expert.

I have put the local drug store on its feet.

I have helped out the gas company.

I have achieved a first-class reputation as an orator.

I have inaugurated a new milk supply.

I have put down several severe surrections of colic.

While I am not yet on my feet, I expect to be President—some day.

"My daughter Susie is getting quite an excellent Latin scholar," said the proud father to a visitor. "Here is one of her exercise books, and you can look for yourself."

Susie blushed scarlet, and made a wild grab at the book. She was too late, and the delighted visitor read aloud to the company:

"Boyibus kissibus
Sweet girlorium;
Girlibus likibus,
Wanti somorum."

—Tit-Bits.

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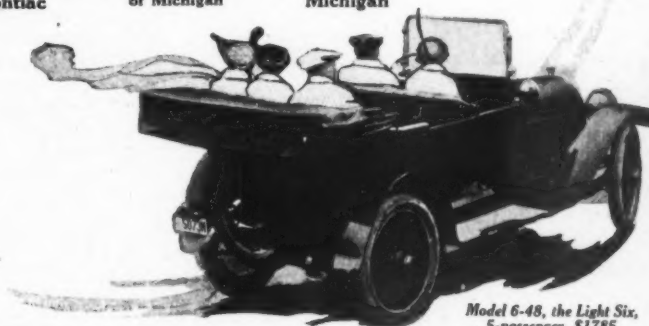
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In the car, you instinctively feel that the Oakland has great reserve power—great flexibility—is quick to respond—has plenty of speed for emergency.

Oakland book A tells you in detail about the powerful vibrationless Oakland motors, the Delco starting, lighting and ignition system, the German silver V-shaped radiator, left side drive, center control, the new stream line bodies with their large luggage compartments and numerous up-to-date refinements. Made in a wide range of body designs and horse power ratings in Sixes and Fours.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Congratulated Them

A Polish couple came before a justice of the peace to be married. The young man handed him the marriage license, and the pair stood up before him.

"Join hands," said the justice.

They did so and the justice looked at the document, which authorized him to unite in matrimony Zacharewicz Perzynski and Leokowards Jeulinski.

"Ahem," he said. "Zacha-h'm-ski, do you take this woman," etc.

"Yes, sir," responded the young man.

"Leo-h'm-h'm-ski, do you take this man to be," etc.

"Yes, sir," replied the woman.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife," said the justice, glad to find something he could pronounce, "and I heartily congratulate you both on having reduced those two names to one."

—London Opinion.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cents in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

CANDIDATE: Now, my friends, when you vote, you don't want to vote for a pig in a poke; you want to vote for me—and get the genuine article!

—London Opinion.

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—but not happy

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C-4

The Cult of the Guest-room

Before the guest arrives, the perfect hostess (who has taken a Correspondence Course in Hospitality) inspects her guest-room, and soliloquizes thus:

"I've remembered, I've remembered
The new embroidered spread,
The towels cross-stitched in designs
Of navy blue and red.
It always seems so much too small.
The 'guest towel' of to-day—
Perhaps that's why the modern guest
Won't make a longer stay.

"I've remembered, I've remembered
The nosegay, stiff and tight,
The reading-lamp with cretonne shade
That throws a ghastly light.
The 'Kind Words' calendar I've hung;
And by the hand-glass set
Some Bargain Sale cologne . . . oh, dear!
The price mark's on it yet!

"I've remembered, I've remembered
Pink sealing-wax to bring,
Removed a cache of spoons from 'twixt
The mattress and the spring.
'Sleep Sweet Within This Quiet Room'
I've had reframed; I've bought
For bedside books, *Jane Eyre*, *Lucille*,
And *Gems of Modern Thought*.

"I've remembered, I've remembered
A lot of details small
That I am very sure no guest
Would ever want at all.
But 'twould be of shocking ignorance
Of Fashion Journals' chat
To aim for Solid Comfort here,
And let it go at that."

—Sarah Redington, in

Harper's Magazine for April.

Comfort Without Extravagance, Hotel Woodstock, New York

"MRS. PANKHURST, please," said the visitor at the jail.

"She's just gone out, but if you'll wait, she'll sure be back very soon," replied the

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear wholesome way in one volume

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
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Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

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are Grapefruit-Orange, Orange and Pineapple-Orange. They have that elusive charm of flavor which can only be imparted by one who cooks for her own kind. Approved by Westfield (Prof. Allyn), also Good Housekeeping Institute (Dr. Wiley).

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Try a jar by mail, 25c; three full sized jars, prepaid for \$1.00 or 1 doz. individual jars \$1.75, for trips by auto-mobile, steamer and rail-road, also San Mateo, Cal. **Lady Betty** BROOKLINE MASS.

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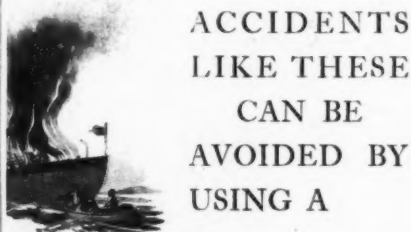


Small Son (after sixth miss): WHAT'S
THE LITTLE WHITE BALL FOR, PA?

Being Lucid

IF you wish to achieve a reputation for originality and distinction, try being lucid. There is nothing quite like it: "Permit me to thank you for your lucid exposition of—" it matters not what the subject.

What is it to be lucid? It is to write something which the man who compliments you because you have been lucid about it agrees with. No one who disagrees with you ever called you lucid. No woman ever referred to her husband as a lucid husband. No man ever called his wife a lucid wife.



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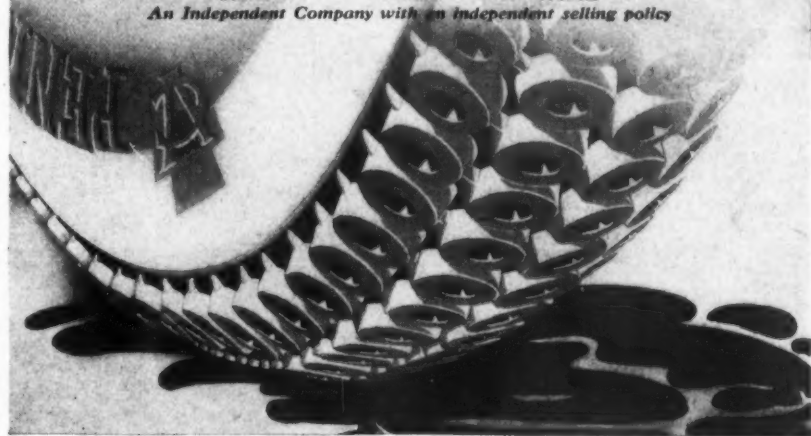
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Remarks on Marriage

DO not be too particular about choosing a wife. Remember that wives are made, not born. Any unmarried person is nothing more than raw material, for the real refining and polishing process takes place wholly after the ceremony. Nor is it possible to tell just when the product is finished. Probably the average time required is something like a quarter of a century. By the time the silver wedding is reached, the average married couple possessed of ordinary insight ought to be pretty well acquainted with each other, although to be painfully exact, they never become absolutely acquainted with each other, except at the point where parallel lines meet, namely, infinity.

The whole fun of married life, as in other walks of life in fact, is in having misunderstandings, but in never having the same misunderstanding twice. That's why it is not best to put off marrying or to marry some one whom you already know well. Every little marital misunderstanding has a meaning of its own. Heed it well and grow wise and happy.

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is NATURE'S GREAT AND SIMPLE AID IN combating and forestalling diseases arising from Uric Acid and other insidious blood poisons. This great Solvent eliminates these poisons by casting them off from the system in NATURE'S OWN WAY!

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A Common Biography

The Washington *Star* credits the late Mayor Gaynor with the following criticism of a novelist who had begun promisingly, but who had degenerated into the lowest type of "best seller":

This scribbler's whole biography could be put into two questions and answers, thus:

- "How did he commence writing?"
- "With a wealth of thought."
- "And how has he continued?"
- "With a thought of wealth."

The Author Who Protected Himself

THERE was once an author who was not very strong. People and action tired him excessively, and, after any unusual exertion or demand on his emotions, his talent would not flow; his pen seemed to dip in an empty inkwell. And so he learned the necessity of saving himself for his work. He withdrew from local politics because the conferences left him sleepless and thus spoiled the next morning's writing. He had to get out of charitable work because the miseries of the poor so wrung him that afterwards he was no good. The distractions of love interrupted him fatally until he married, thus getting the subject off his mind. Soon afterwards he gave up social life because the necessity to talk like an author took it out of him. When his wife looked wistfully towards the perambulators of the neighbors, he explained to her that a family would be death to literature. During the hours of his labor the house was kept sacredly quiet. If the door-bell rang of an evening, the maid understood that the master must have time to escape before she answered it. Disturbing letters were kept from him, family crises were weathered without his knowledge. In short, by the time he was forty, he had his surroundings so trained that they offered a perfect protection to his work. The only flaw in the situation was that, about this time, he ceased to have anything to write about.

J. W. T.

"THERE is nothing the matter with you," persisted the Eddyite, "absolutely nothing. Can I not convince you?"

"Let me ask you a question?" replied the sick man.

"A thousand if you like."

"Well, suppose a man has nothing the matter with him, and he dies of it, what didn't he have the matter with him?"

—Philadelphia Press.

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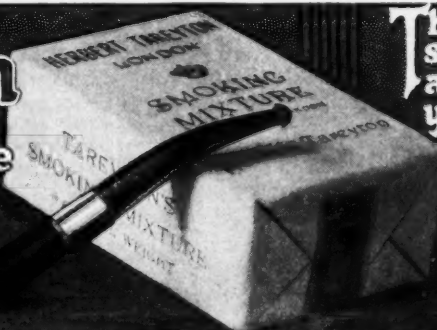
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OLD JOHN, THE FLAGMAN, with his rheumatic limp, hobbled out of his shanty as the long freight train rumbled up through the dusk. He waved his white flag one perfunctory wig-wag at the vista of empty asphalt, that stretched out on either side of the grade crossing, black and slippery in the driving rain. The big locomotive thundered past, and even after its rapid-fire exhaust had died away in the distance to a muffled roar, the long string of freight cars labored interminably past, clanking, groaning and creaking over the rails.

It was very familiar music to John, this song of many weird notes that a passing freight train sings, and he swore meditatively at the vile weather and longed for the train to pass and let him return to his warm stove in the shanty.

Suddenly out of the dusk there came a shrill, sustained, high-pitched note that carried, even above the confused noises of the passing train, to the flagman's ears. He knew that sound, too, and it galvanized his rheumatic limbs into action. He ran out into the center of the asphalt street, waving his flag, just in time to be silhouetted against a spear of white light that flashed out of the darkness. Higher and shriller came the singing note of a long black touring car, speeding its sixty miles an hour and more, and the flagman had barely time to leap out of the way, falling on the slippery asphalt as he jumped back.

"They're done for!" he gasped as he went into the gutter, catching as he fell one glimpse of the automobile driver's form shoot forward with all his weight against the emergency brake. John had watched passing automobiles long enough to know how rubber tires would slide over that slippery pavement. As he picked himself up he listened for the sickening crack against the sides of the rumbling freight train.

But no crash came. By the time John reached the grade crossing the last of the freight cars with twinkling red lights was disappearing into the darkness, and the big touring car stood unharmed within six feet of the rails.

Two women and a child peered out of the tonneau, their faces still white with terror, while the driver walked about the car inspecting it with an oil sidelight.

"It's all right, Martha," he called to one of the women in the car. "No damage done—we can go on all right."

John had come hobbling up toward the little circle of lamplight, an oasis of light in the darkness intensified by driving mist and rain. The driver walked back to the end of his car, kicked the tires on the rear wheels and tested the tire chains.

"Golly, but it's a good thing I put those chains on to-night," he remarked to the flagman.

"The closest call that ever I seen," said John, with a shake of his head. "When I seen you jam on the brake I says to myself, 'there's all day with 'em'. With the road that slippery I don't see nohow why you didn't jest slide into the train."

"These," said the driver, patting the tire chains affectionately, "these and the brakes did it. Never skidded an inch to right nor left, and how they did hold when I applied the brakes lined with good old Multibestos. There is no doubt but what Multibestos and Weed Chains saved our lives, bless 'em."

Not Only Safety First— But First, Last and All the Time With



Middle-Age

WHEN youth's desire of pleasure
waned

And life has reached a wiser stage,
'Tis sweet to count the placid gains
Of middle-age.

No more the quest of fevered sport,
No more the thirst to do and dare:
With calm philosophy I court
My easy chair.

There, with my pipe of peace, I sit
Watching its graceful rings arise,
Feeling my wisdom and my wit
Materialize.

No more I join the weary wights
Who dally at a maiden's train,
Giving their daytimes and their nights
To lovesick pain.

I let no mad ambitions jog
And goad me in a tiresome way,
But meditate that every dog
Must have his day.

I note the run of stock and share,
With prudent speculative ends;
And to the credit side I bear
Life's dividends.

I never ask of life too much,
And she rewards with ample wage
Of peaceful joys that are in touch
With middle-age.

Arthur L. Salmon.



POWERFUL, quick-acting
brakes and perfect control
over the car come from the use
of MULTIBESTOS. Brakes
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times reliable, are dependable in
any emergency and are a guar-
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A National Calamity

"Where's my umbrella?" demanded
the wife of a member of Parliament.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear,"
meekly answered her husband. "It must
be in the train."

"In the train?" snorted the lady.
"And to think that the affairs of the
nation are intrusted to a man who
doesn't know enough to take care of a
woman's umbrella!"—*New York Call*.

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Skid-Proof

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pick the easiest way in the
hardest going and prevent the front
wheel skid—the most dreaded of
all skids as it is the hardest to coun-
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and be convinced.

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THE INFORMATION BUREAU

Where Knowledge is Misery

UP to within a comparatively recent period we who pen these lines had been of a happy and contented disposition, performing our simple duties with gladness and resting quietly after our labors with a heartfelt sense of gratitude. But the other day we happened to read in the encyclopedia that a certain portion of the blood traverses the entire circulation system in half a minute. You couldn't stop it from doing so, even if you tried. It will go on and on, dancing about inside of you in spite of everything you say or do. Since then, so far as we ourselves are concerned, all has been changed. How can anyone rest, we ask, with a process like that going on inside, and absolutely no let-up?

It appears that the rest of the blood only takes about a minute and a half at the outside. It would probably take a trifle longer in the case of a man over six feet high. Some of the corpuscles like to lag behind and make an attempt at least to view the scenery. We cannot help but admire them for that. That is what we should do if we were there. But consider for a moment the hopelessness of being permitted to sit down by the wayside for a few moments' rest.

We know, of course, the argument used for this sort of mad rush—where you are traveling over the same route every minute or so, no matter how fast you go, you get to know it; you can tell by instinct when there is a "thank you, marm," right ahead, and by constant practice slide over it; you

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can brace yourself for curves and corners.

It appears also that there are two kinds of contestants in this ceaseless merry-go-round; namely, the red and white corpuscles. The white ones are the laggards, and that, by the way, is what we would be. We don't know how many miles long the route is, but, at any rate, the white corpuscles take as much time as they can—about a minute and a half. The red fellows are at them all the time, urging them on, grabbing them by the coat, pushing them from behind, saying rude and boisterous things to them. When they all come to a straightaway, the red corpuscles shout out: "Step up in front, please. Plenty of room ahead!" Sometimes there is a strike among the whites, and they all try to sit down, one white corpuscle begins preaching the doctrine of non-resistance, and, being a kind of genius in his way, makes an impression upon his period,

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Diary of a Seagor

MAY 10—Sailed from New York to-day on board the *Leviathan*, the biggest ship in the world. Once around her is a half-mile, and she carries ten thousand persons. It gives me satisfaction to know that I am crossing on the best and safest vessel the world affords.

MAY 15—As we passed Ireland to-day the *Saurian* was launched at Belfast. Once around her is a mile and a half, and she carries twenty-five thousand persons. Our vessel met the splash of the launching broadside to, and was washed up on the coast of France, but got off again and proceeded to Southampton, leaking badly from strained plates. Two of her funnels and sixteen lifeboats were carried away. Never again will I risk my life in one of these small, second-rate liners.

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so they all let up. But in the long run, the Marathonics have their way.

If you really want to know what is happening inside of you, you have only to imagine yourself a corpuscle with the power to dance around this world and back again inside of a minute and a half, in the company of a vast aggregation of tourists, who, like yourself, are all coming back constantly. You can start anywhere, but say it's at the semilunar valve; that's a good place for a lot of lunatics to begin from; you take a hop, skip and a jump and you are through the aorta, and on your way to the suburbs. There you are provided with a neat package containing a combination of oxygen and assorted nourishment for these remote regions, which you carry gaily under your arm and toss into the outlying tissues as you skip by. In a minute you are plodding along at the rate of a hundred miles an hour or so along the veinous boulevard, wretchedly lighted. In a jiffy, however, you cavort into the heart, and from there into the lungs, where you get a breath of fresh air, and then you are off again to India, China, the Dardanelles, through the Suez, and back by way of Hoboken and the Hudson Tube.

As for your nervous system that is backed up against the wall, waiting for a chance to escape, hoping that a door will open somewhere, so that it can rush off outside into space and get a good night's sleep.

At least that is the way we have felt since we have known about it. We trust when this meets your eye, you will feel that way also. Misery loves company.



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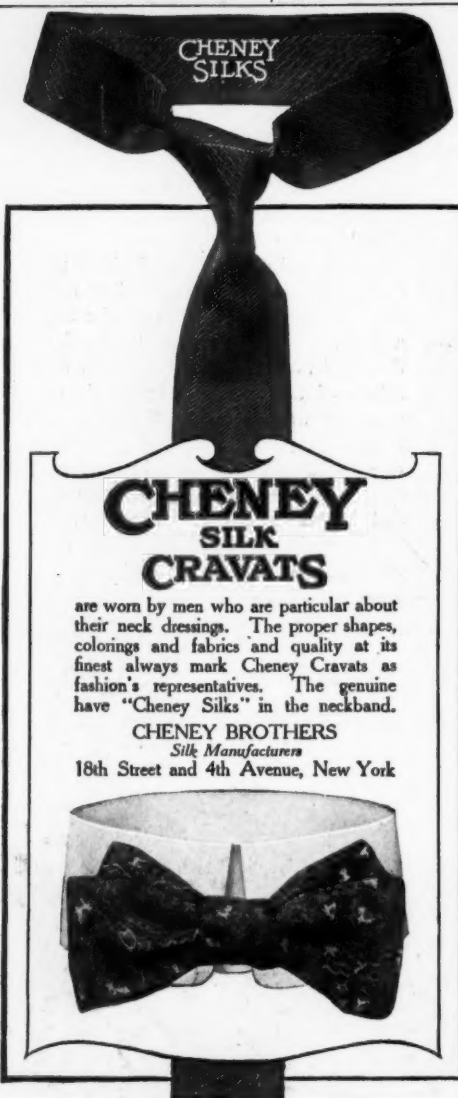
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HARRY S. GRESSLER

OUR LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE

Books Received

The Full of the Moon, by Caroline Lockhart. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa. \$1.25.)

Anybody but Anne, by Carolyn Wells. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa. \$1.25.)

Vain Oblations, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. (Scribner's. \$1.35.)

Brevity, by Davis. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

The Mill on the Creek, by Frederick Thomas. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

Young Boys and Boarding School, by Horace Holden. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

Cleek of Scotland Yard, by T. W. Hanshew. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.)

The Loves of Ambrose, by Margaret Vandercook. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.)

Monologues, by Richard Middleton. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.)

The Wanderer's Necklace, by H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35.)

The Intriguers, by Harold Bindloss. (F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.30.)

The Marriage of Cecilia, by Maude Leeson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.)

The Peacock Feather, by Leslie Moore. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

Bat Wing Bowles, by Dane Coolidge. (F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.)

Jean and Louise, by John N. Raphael. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.20.)

A Doubtful Character, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

Leviathan, by Jeannette Marks. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.35.)

East of the Shadows, by Mrs. Hubert Barclay. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

The Hour of Conflict, by Hamilton Gibbs. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

Forty Years of It, by Brand Whitlock. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)

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The husband looked up and said: "I'll take sausage."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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